

THE CITIZEN.

VOL. IV.

A Family Paper

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1903.

An Independent Weekly
Devoted to the
Interests of
THE HOME, FARM, & SCHOOL
50 CENTS A YEAR.

Fifty cents a year.

NO. 32

IDEAS.

Be honest in your talk.
In cold weather blanket your horses while they stand.
Evil for evil is brutal; good for good, manlike; evil for good Satan-like; and good for evil, Christlike.
He oft finds medicine who his grief imparts.
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts.—SENSELESS

TAKE NOTICE.

A valuable new feature of THE CITIZEN is the "How" column started last week, and headed this week, "How to Keep Warm." Clean old newspaper at this office, 5¢ per pound.

The regular Monday lecture of the College will give place Monday to the third number of the Lyceum course, "The Phil Hunter Co." This company is composed of Phil Hunter, magician; Verne Moore, musician; and Carl Anderson, humorist.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

Col. Arthur Lynch, member of the British Parliament, was found guilty of treason in fighting in the Boer army, and was sentenced to death.

Mt. Pelee, Island of Martinique, erupted again Saturday at 5 o'clock, blowing away about 800 feet of the cone. As far as known no one was hurt.

Word is received from Rome, Italy, that the volcano Mt. Stromboli is again in violent eruption. The cone is concealed in a thick cloud of smoke.

Another Chinese revolt is threatened. The rebels, 40,000 to 50,000 in numbers, are already in possession of many districts and towns, and are now marching on Yunnan armed with modern rifles.

While Minister Bowen was negotiating with the representatives of the powers in Washington looking to the raising of the Venezuelan blockade and offering the Venezuelan customhouse as a guarantee for the payment of her debts, German warships opened fire upon the fort at San Carlos. The Venezuelans returned the fire and the battle continued for nearly two days with considerable damage and loss of life to the fort. This looks like bad faith on the part of Germany, but fortunately an early settlement of all disputes now seems certain.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Judge W. R. Day has accepted the appointment as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court tendered him by Pres. Roosevelt Saturday.

The College chapel at Oberlin, O., burned to the ground early Sunday morning. Most of the valuables were saved, and the loss of \$50,000 is wholly covered by insurance. A new chapel will soon be built at a cost of \$75,000.

A treaty was signed Saturday by Secretary of State Hay for the United States and Sir Michael Herbert for Great Britain providing for the final settlement of the Alaskan boundary dispute. This removes the last ground for difference between the two great English speaking nations.

The treaty with Columbia has finally been concluded and sent to the Senate. By this treaty the United States gets complete control of the Panama canal and all property of the Panama Railway company. The U. S. pays Columbia a bonus of \$10,000,000 and an annual rental of \$250,000 for a period of fifty-five years.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Contracts have been let for extensive additions to the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf at Danville.

The Kentucky Associated Press met in Louisville Tuesday with forty newspaper men in attendance and an interesting program.

The Baptist Seminary at Louisville has received \$60,000 by the will of the late Mrs. Porter Bartlett to endow a chair in honor of the late Dr. D. F. Porter.

Prof. Carl Myers, who has a "balloon farm" near Frankfort, claims to have solved the problem of aerial navigation. A model of his flying machine moves in any direction at the will of the inventor. Prof. Myers expects to win the \$10,000 prize offered by the St. Louis World's Fair for the most perfect flying machine.

"GOLD DUST."

WORDS OF HOWARD W. POPE.

You may not feel the need of a Savior now, but the time will come when you will need Him.

The first step in becoming a Christian is to accept Christ, and this can be done in a moment. The second step is to confess Christ, and this can be done in a moment. The third thing is to obey Christ, and that will require all your life.

A Christian is one who has Jesus Christ in his heart.

Salvation is two-sided. On God's part it consists in giving, and on ours in receiving. But the gift is not a thing at all, but a person: and that person is Jesus Christ.

There is but one leading question at any time, and that is the question of one's relation to the Lord Jesus Christ.

For Workers.

In doing personal work the first thing is to ascertain the position of the one you are dealing with.

In a tender way press the Scripture truths upon the inquirer in the form of questions, and when he realizes how far he comes short in God's estimation, urge the claims of Christ upon him, and if possible lead him to a definite acceptance of Christ then and there.

When you meet men's excuses with God's word the mouth is shut; there is no argument against that.

We take too much for granted in supposing that those who have heard the Gospel all their lives know how to become Christians.

The Holy Spirit is always convicting people of sin through the ordinary ministrations of the Gospel, and the Providence of God is always at work softening the hearts of men.

Hundreds of men have never had a direct personal invitation to accept Christ.

If people in increasing numbers are failing to come to church, we must carry the gospel to them.

BAND CONCERT.

A Berea audience seldom if ever has had the opportunity of hearing such an excellent and varied musical program as that furnished by the College band Tuesday night. The band has done wonders under the very efficient leadership of O. M. Simpson, and shows what faithful practice can accomplish. They rendered all their numbers in true "Sousa" style. Miss Gamble, as soprano soloist, was exceedingly well received, having to respond to a hearty encore at each appearance. Miss Gamble possesses a voice of wonderful flexibility and range; her tones are clear and musical and her enunciation splendid. Miss Larry pleased her audience with her violin solo, but was especially at home and enjoyable in the 'cello numbers. She plays with fine expression. For our student and home talent Miss McKee in her reading, Misses Caldwell and Pilcher in a piano duet, Miss Ruddock in a piano solo, and Mrs. Hinman in her whistling added much to the variety and enjoyment of the evening's entertainment. The house was well filled with an orderly and appreciative audience.

OUR COUNTY NEWS.

Federal Judge A. M. Cochran has appointed Mr. D. M. Chennell as receiver for E. V. Elder, the Richmond merchant, who recently made an assignment. The January term of the Madison county quarterly court is in session at Richmond this week. N. B. Turpin is the presiding judge.

The cannon and guns which were used in the Military department of Central University before the removal of the school to Danville, and which belong to the government, were shipped to Washington City last week upon request of the War department.—*Pantograph*.

Last fall Madison county had fine prospects for an electric line, taking in Richmond and Berea on the route. When the franchises lapsed Jan. 1, 1903, those who have authority in the matter for some unaccountable reason refused to grant an extension to the company proposing to build the road. To our mind such a road could be a detriment to no one, but would be a benefit to the community at large, and to each individual. It is to be hoped that our officials will relent and grant the extension of the time for beginning the work.

TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Supt. J. M. Literat, of Greenup county, has just spent a month in Berea, studying and teaching in the Normal department, and was obliged to leave because of his duties as superintendent at home. In bidding farewell in chapel he said:

Before leaving I wish to make a few remarks as to my impressions of Berea, impressions I have formed since I came here.

I have been impressed very much with the work at Berea ever since the first day I came. I think it is a wonderful institution. It is a place where any young man or young woman can get a good training. The spiritual influence here is good and wholesome and something that is needed everywhere. Not only that, but you have various departments where you may study more than you will find in the little Normal schools at home—as wide a variety as you will find in any college anywhere.

Also, the teachers are men and women of character and influence, teachers who take an interest in their pupils. I never saw teachers take such an interest in students as they do in this place. I really believe they would go a mile out of their way and through a mud hole, too, for the students.

I have not time to say much, but wish to say that I believe the institution here is thorough. One who completes a course here will be well equipped for life. And there is another striking feature that all young men and women ought to avail themselves of—not only the thoroughness and the good instruction, but the cheapness with which you can live here. Why, I really believe you can live cheaper here than at home, and get an education free—education here is a free gift.

FUN AND FACTS.

Hopeful If Vain.

Most of the men who own flying machines are holding them for a rise—Baltimore American.

Ducks and Geese.

100 car-loads ducks and geese wanted. Highest market price paid. Will also buy pigeons. J. H. Neff, opposite Joe's, Richmond.

The Public Need.

It was a bright reformer who said: "We want good men, and we want 'em bad."—Baltimore News.

Rare Opportunity.

D. B. Shackelford, Richmond, is now selling airtight heaters at cost to reduce stock.

Statue.

Borem (stopping acquaintance)—"I say, old man, let me give you a pointer. I"—Known (breaking away)—"Don't want it—no place to keep a dog—don't like dogs, anyway."—Chicago News.

For Sale.

House and lot on Depot street, Berea. Four rooms; good well. Call on or write T. A. Robinson, Richmond, Ky.

Often Wasted.

A little advertising is better than none, but often a little advertising is wasted where a great deal would show a decided profit.—Architects and Builders' Journal.

One Bucketful.

One bucket of coal will run a Moore's airtight heater twenty-four hours. Sold by D. B. Shackelford, Richmond, Ky.

REPAIR THAT LOOM.

Berea College has secured a market for homespun and home-woven goods, such as bed coverlets, linen, dress linsey, jeans, blankets, etc., at following prices:

Coverlets, \$4 to \$6; Linen, 40 to 50 cents a yard; Dress Linsey, 50 cents a yard; Jeans, 60 cents a yard; Blankets, natural brown wool or hark dyed, \$3 a pair.

White linsey and white blankets are not in demand only on orders. Coverlets must be 2 yards (72 inches) wide, and 2½ yards (90 inches) long. All dyes used must be old fashioned home-made dyes.

Any woman who wants to sell coverlets or homespun to Berea College should find out what the College wants before beginning to weave or spin. For information apply in person or by letter to

Mrs. Hettie W. Graham,
Berea, Ky.



WHERE ARE THE EYES
THAT ARE PERFECT IN STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION?

Not one pair in a thousand are free from defects of some kind. Some are so slight that the wearing of glasses is not necessary. In other cases the temporary use of

EYEGLASSES OR SPECTACLES
will correct defects. A test will decide what must be done. It is made here free of cost.

We carry a large assortment of eyeglasses and spectacles and can fit simple cases immediately.

T. A. Robinson,
Optician and Jeweler

Main Street, Richmond, Ky.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironon, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c, enough for an ordinary cold; 50c, just for a bad attack; 75c, for chronic cases and to keep on hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

MONUMENTS.

Urns, Headstones, Statuary
Granite, and Marble

Work of all kinds done in a workmanlike manner at reasonable prices and with dispatch. All work guaranteed by

GOLDEN & FLORA,
RICHMOND, Ky.

Corner of Main and Collins Streets.

DR. M. E. JONES,
& Dentist &

Office.—Rear Mrs. Fish's Millinery Store.

Office Days.—Wednesday to end of the week.

Rice & Arnold,

Main Street, Richmond, Ky.

Headquarters for
SHOES, HATS and MEN'S
FURNISHINGS.

Give us a call. Leave your bundles with us and make our store your headquarters when in Richmond. Remember you are always welcome.

CLOTHING, SHOES, HATS, FURNISHINGS.

Everything that Men and Boys Wear.

Your patronage invited.

Covington and Banks Richmond, Kentucky.

OUTFITTERS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

GREAT BARGAIN SALE.

Of Ladies', Misses' and Children's
Union Suits—TO REDUCE STOCK

Ladies' Union Suits	45 cents, worth 75 cents
Misses' Union Suits	25 cents, worth 40 cents
Children's Union Suits	23 cents, worth 35 cents

For a limited time only.

Bicknell & Early, Berea, Ky.

Madison County Roller Mills

Manufacturers Fancy Roller Flour

Corn Meal Ship Stuffs Crushed Corn, Etc.

Our "GOLD DUST" Roller Flour will be

hard to beat

"PRIDE OF MADISON" is another Excellent Flour

Potts & Duerson,

Whites Station, Ky.

THEODORE, JR.

I will stand my registered

Duroc Jersey Boar

at my home in Berea, Ky., for the spring season of 1903 at 50 cents, payable at time of service.

This boar is a very fine hog; gave entire satisfaction during the past season, and is endorsed by some of the best breeders in the county, and has served in the herd of J. W. Herndon.

REGISTERED NO. 14223

SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED.

J. M. EARLY

Telephone to No. 58, or call

when in Richmond at

JOE'S</

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, FEB. 1.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xvii, 22-24. Memory Verses, 28, 29-Golden Text, Acts xvi, 18—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stevens.

Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association. 22-25. I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the Unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship. I have declared unto you.

The Thessalonian persecutors followed the apostles to Berea and stirred up the people against them so that Paul went up to Athens, leaving Silas and Timothy at Berea. Those who conducted Paul to Athens brought back word to Silas and Timothy to follow quickly, which they did. While Paul waited for them, seeing the city wholly given to idolatry, he did not fail to preach Jesus and the resurrection in the synagogues and in the market as he had opportunity. So they brought him to Mars hill, the Areopagus, and asked him to tell them of this new doctrine; hence this discourse in which he speaks of their great religiousness and takes as his topic the inscription on the altar to the unknown God.

24, 25. And that made the world and all things therein, "giveth to all life and breath and all things."

He takes them to the first verse in the Bible, they being probably wholly ignorant of the Scriptures, and tells them of one who made sun, moon and stars, the mountains and the sea and all living creatures and therefore needs not be propitiated nor any gifts from man, seeing that He Himself gives to all creatures all that they possess or need. In one of the oldest portions of the Bible we read that "In His hand is the soul of every living thing and the breath of all mankind" (Job xli, 10); yet there are many who possess the Bible who do not seem to believe this and act as if God required something from them before He would do anything for them. They do not know Him as the one who "giveth to all," who "gave His only begotten Son."

26-28. And hath made of one blood all nations of men, "for in Him we live and move and have our being."

The great Creator and sustainer of all things wants us to know Him and reveals Himself sufficiently in nature to make people want to know Him better (Rom. i, 20, 21), and where people are living up to the light they have and earnestly desiring more, as in the case of Cornelius and the queen of Ethiopia's treasurer, God will take means to enlighten them. His newness to us is strikingly described in Rom. x, 6 to, but there it speaks of those who have His word and in verses 14, 15, raises the question of how can those who have not His word hear it unless some one tells it to them.

29. For as much then as we are the offspring of God we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver or stone, graven by art and man's device.

Since God created us, how can the things which we make be our gods? The folly of worshipping idols is fully and simply set forth in Isa. xl, 18-26, and elsewhere in the prophets. But what shall be said of the church of today, which seems to put such trust in idols of men and metal rather than in the living God? Is not the cry heard, if we had the man or the men or if we had the money, how much we might do! Whereas the Spirit of God says, "There is none that calleth upon Thy name, that stretcheth up himself to take hold of These." The silver is Mine and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts" (Isa. xlv, 7; Hag. ii, 8). If the church would trust in Him and not in men nor man's wisdom nor man's works, He might have opportunity to fulfill to her 1 Chron. xvi, 9; Mal. iii, 10.

30, 31. But now commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained.

God is long suffering, not willing that any should perish; therefore, for the time, passing over much that deserves punishment, although the sinner, because of the hardness of his heart and his natural enmity to God, takes advantage of this merely only to do worse (1 Pet. iii, 9; Eccl. viii, 10). The book just quoted from says, "God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil" (Eccl. xii, 14), and this is abundantly confirmed in the New Testament. Our Lord often spoke of the judgment to come (Matt. vii, 22, 23; xi, 22, 23; xii, 36; xxv, 31, 41, 46) and also said that the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son (John v, 22). I do not find in Scripture that which some speak of as a general judgment and a general resurrection of all, good and bad, at the same time; but I do find that the dead in Christ shall rise first, a thousand years before the righteous, and that our Lord calls the first the resurrection of the just (1 Thess. iv, 16; Rev. xx, 5, 6; Ps. 1, 5; Luke xiv, 14). The judgment of all believers for their sins is past on Calvary (John v, 24; Isa. xliii, 25). Their judgment for service will be at the judgment seat of Christ at the first resurrection.

32-34. When they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked and others said, "We will hear thee again of this matter."

They had their gods and heroes and great leaders, but that one had risen from the dead was folly in the sight of their wisdom, simply an impossibility; so they turned away, having heard enough of such nonsense, and Paul, having borne faithful testimony, turned away from them. But his testimony was not in vain, for some believed, both men and women, and that is all we can expect in this age of gathering out the church. There is comfort in John vi, 3—"All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me" etc.

CHICKAMAUGA.

By Captain F. A. MITCHEL.

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CHAPTER XVII.

RATIGAN'S MISSION.

The extreme left of the Army of the Cumberland, from which Corporal Ratigan started to go through the lines, was held only by cavalry and mounted infantry, and these widely separated. There was no regular picket line such as usually exists between armies confronting each other where the different branches of the service are represented in one continuous line. Consequently the corporal had a far better chance to get through than under ordinary circumstances.

Passing over the Pea Vine ridge, he descended the other side sloping to a small stream called Pea Vine creek. It was essential that he slip through between the Union vedettes unseen, for if observed he would be taken for a deserter and either shot or sent in to the headquarters of his regiment. The vedettes were principally on the roads, and the corporal, believing that they would be looking for an enemy on routes over which cavalry could best advance, selected one least advantageous for a horse to follow. Wherever he could find a thick clump of trees or low growth, a knoll, a ravine, indeed anything difficult for a horse to pass, he would go over or through it. Now he would stop to listen for some sound such as a horse is liable to make, and now would steal on his hands and knees or crawl on his belly over some eminence where, if he should stand upright, his body would make a silhouette against the sky. On crossing a bit of level ground he suddenly heard a horse's "splinter." He was near a clump of bushes in which he lost no time in concealing himself. A cavalryman rode by within 50 feet of him, walking his horse slowly, the butt of his carbine resting on his right leg, and in a position to be used readily. He was patrolling a beat. Ratigan waited till he had gone past, then darted onward to trees which, from their irregular line, he judged grew beside the creek. He was not disappointed and was soon standing in shallow water, resting for a few minutes under a low bank.

"Are ye Colonel Fitz Hugh?" asked the corporal in a voice which he vainly endeavored to keep steady, "that Miss Fitz Hugh, passing under the name of Elizabeth Bagg's"—

Fitz Hugh put his hand on Ratigan's arm and stopped him, while he gathered his faculties to bear what he knew was coming.

"Was pursued by a contemptible cur for chasin a woman!"—

"Yes, Go on."

"Was captured and"—

"O God!"

"Condemned to be shot for a spy tomorrow mornin at sunrise."

Fitz Hugh sank back on a camp cot and covered his face with his hands. For a few moments the corporal respected his grief by silence, but time was precious, and he soon continued.

"Thinkin ye might exercise some influence to save her, Ol've come to inform ye of the—distressin fact."

The last two words were spoken in a broken voice.

"By whose authority?"

Fitz Hugh rose and stood before the corporal. He had nervously himself for whatever was to follow.

"Colonel Mark Maynard, commanding the — cavalry brigade."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Fitz Hugh, with a singular, impressive slowness, "that my sister is at the mercy of Mark Maynard?"

"He is charged with her execution."

Colonel Fitz Hugh shuddered. "That man is my Nemesis," he cried in a voice filled with a kind of despair.

"Tis he that sent me to ye."

"He?"

"The same."

"Does he wish to save my sister?"

"He does."

"Why, then, does he not do so?"

"He can only save her by his own disgrace. Yer sister will not accept the sacrifice."

"A true Fitz Hugh," said the brother proudly.

"Who comes that?"

Ratigan at once threw up his hands, which his challenger could distinctly see, and cried out, "I want ye to take me to Colonel Fitz Hugh."

"What do you want with him?"

"Do you know him?"

"He commands a regiment in our bri-

gade."

Seeing that the corporal held his hands above his head, the man permitted him to draw near. Once here, Ratigan informed him of the nature of his mission and begged him for Colonel Fitz Hugh's sake to send him to Ringold at once. The vedette was convinced from Ratigan's earnestness that he bore a message of importance, and calling his comrades ordered one of them to dismount. Then, taking the precaution to blindfold the stranger, he mounted him, and placing a horseman on either side of him sent the three clattering toward Ringold. It was not a long distance to the town, but all distances, all period of waiting seemed long to the corporal. Was not the terrible event to take place at sunrise? And now it must be near midnight.

"What is the time?" he asked of his conductors.

"Twenty minutes to 11."

"Let's go faster. Colonel Fitz Hugh would be anxious for me to get on as I am myself if he knew me errand."

"All right. Let's light out, Pete."

And Ratigan felt the motion of a gallop in the horse he rode. And now came a "Halt" from a guard and an answer, followed by "Advance and give the countersign." One of the men goes for-

word for the purpose. Then the party goes on again, but what they pass or where they are going Ratigan knows nothing about. He only knows that they are moving, and that they are not moving fast enough to suit him. Presently they stop, and the corporal can hear one of the men dismount. There is a stroke of a clock evidently from a church spire. He counted, "One, two, three," and on to eleven.

"Dismount."

He lost no time in throwing himself from his horse and was led forward. The air became warmer. He must be in an inclosure. The bandage was taken from his eyes.

He was standing in a tent lighted by a candle fixed to the end of a stake driven into the ground. There was but one other person present, a Confederate officer. He was a tall, slender young man, with long black hair, a mustache and goatee, and an eye honest, respect inspiring, and with all the gentleness of a woman's.

"Are ye Colonel Fitz Hugh?" asked the corporal, making a salute as if in presence of an officer of his own side.

"I am."

"I have a message from yer sister."

Colonel Fitz Hugh turned ashy pale. No one could come to him from her without striking terror into him, for he knew the work in which she was engag-

ing.

"Are ye Colonel Fitz Hugh?"

ed. For months he had lived in dread of her capture. If the messenger had been a citizen or a Confederate soldier, it might not speak so clearly of danger, but coming from a Yankee trooper quick reasoning told him that she had doubtless met with disaster.

"Indeed," was all his reply to the corporal's announcement.

"I'm sorry to inform ye, sir," said the corporal in a voice which he vainly endeavored to keep steady, "that Miss Fitz Hugh, passing under the name of Elizabeth Bagg's"—

Fitz Hugh put his hand on Ratigan's arm and stopped him, while he gathered his faculties to bear what he knew was coming.

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"All right. Let's light out, Pete."

And Ratigan felt the motion of a gallop in the horse he rode. And now came a "Halt" from a guard and an answer, followed by "Advance and give the countersign."

"Go tell Colonel Maynard that I will meet him as you suggest. Let the point of rendezvous be—let me see—where do you consider a feasible point? You have just come through."

"I would name the bank of the creek at a point due west of this."

"How long a time will be required before the meeting can take place? It is now a little after 11."

"It may be an hour; it may be longer. If you will be there, colonel, at 12 o'clock, we'll meet ye as soon after as possible."

"I would name the bank of the creek at a point due west of this."

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Norman Frost is on the sick list this week.

W. H. Porter, of the Berea bank, was in Richmond Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Hettie W. Graham returned Friday from a month's visit with her mother in New York, bringing her son Ronald with her.

J. S. Even, Albert Welch and Maggie Norton, of Stanton, Powell county, are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Johnson.

Mr. Alex. Burnam, Sr., and Miss Mahinda Torril were married this week at the home of the bride's parents. Rev. T. R. Reed performed the ceremony.

Dr. John Larry, president of Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn., accompanied by his daughter, is spending a few days in Berea.

John G. Pasco, formerly an employee at the printing office here, but now in the employ of F. O. Scholdinger, Columbus, O., is visiting in Berea after an absence of four years.

H. F. Anlick, a former pastor of the Baptist church here, but now attending the Baptist Seminary at Louisville, has returned to Berea for a ten days' visit, and is supplying the pulpit at the Baptist church during his stay.

Prof. and Mrs. Jones entertained at dinner Tuesday evening Dr. and Miss Larry, Mrs. Bowman, Miss Andrews and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Spencer, all of whom either are or have been connected with Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tenn.

Miss Belle Bennett, of Richmond, and Dr. Hammond, secretary of the Board of Missions of the M. E. church (south) and Mrs. Mac Donnel, secretary Women's Missionary Board, M. E. church (south), of Nashville, Tenn., spent Thursday in Berea. They made a tour of the College buildings during the day.

The Howard W. Pope evangelistic meetings will begin Wednesday, Feb. 4, at the Tabernacle. A workers' conference has been arranged for Friday, Feb. 6, to which all ministers and Sunday-school workers in this and surrounding counties are cordially invited. Free entertainment will be provided.

The following are the new subscribers to THE CITIZEN for this week: Miss Cora Brown, Miss Louise Pilcher, Berea; Rev. C. Rexford Raymond, Bellmead, O.; Mrs. C. W. Osborne, Painteville, O.; John G. Pasco, Columbus, O.; Mr. Geo. H. Smith, Ravenna, O.; Renewals: W. H. Hart, Fairland, Ill.; Mason Anglin, Disputanta; W. A. Todd, Paint Lick; J. G. Clark, J. J. Grillin and Reuben Kerby, Berea.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Barrett Fee has returned to school after having safely passed through an attack of typhoid fever.

It may not be known that Mr. G. T. Speicher, the experienced brick and stone layer, has instructed a number of College apprentices in brick laying and that there is an opportunity for a number of others to learn this trade so as to be ready to work on the new College chapel when work is begun.

A series of department socials were held this week at the Parish House at which unique amusements were provided and light refreshments served. Wednesday night the men romancing in Howard Hall were the guests, and the members of the Endavor society host and hostess. The boys of other dormitories were entertained Saturday night, and the girls of Ladies Hall and Gilbert Cottage Monday night by the ladies of the Union church.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MADISON COUNTY.

DREYFUS.

Mr. Wm. Coyle and wife, of Clover Bottom, visited Mr. W. B. Baker last week.—Miss Berta Holland gave the young folks a social Friday night and quite an enjoyable time was had.—Mr. J. R. Baker is visiting at Clover Bottom this week.—Mrs. Joseph Ridell of Red House, formerly of this place, was buried at Kindred graveyard last Wednesday.—Mr. Shelburne Winkler contemplates moving to Berea soon.—Mr. Luther Kimberlain, of Kerly Knob, has purchased a farm of Mr. Frank Winkler, and will move soon.—Miss Dora Benge was visiting at Big Hill last week.—Mr. J. C. Powell has just re-

turned from Jackson Co., where he has been buying cattle.—Miss Cynthia Sandlin has returned from Estill Co., where she has been visiting sometime.—Miss Pearl McKinn is very low with consumption.—Mr. James Hubbard has moved into his new residence on Big Hill pike.

HICKORY PLAINS.

John Jackson began writing school last Monday with 17 pupils.—Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson visited Mrs. Mary Mullen of Berea Monday. Mr. Geo. Benge of Owley Fork visited Hickory Plains Sunday School Sunday.—Mrs. C. I. Baker is slowly improving, also her step son Elgin, who broke his leg a few days ago.—Mr. Jessie Kinnard and mother spent Sunday evening at Mrs. Mary Burdett's.—Miss Mollie Johnson spent Friday with her aunt, Mrs. Rose Moore.—Mr. Richard Johnson of Ill. has written to his parents of his marriage to Miss Blanche Hart of Villa Grove, Ill., also says they are visiting their cousin at Troy, Iowa.—Mr. S. B. Gooch, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. Daniel Manpin, left Tuesday night for Danville, Ill.—Mr. Jas. Adams has been in Richmond during the past week on business.

OWSLEY COUNTY.

ISLAND CITY.

Circuit court is now in session, and cases are being disposed of quietly.—Uncle Wm. Moore has purchased A. J. Bowman's property and Mr. Bowman is now in Kettleville, Indian Territory, looking for a new location for a home.—Wm. Bowman has sold out to Robert Morris and gone to Indian Territory.—Brack McGeorge has bought out C. C. Bowman and has taken possession.—A force of hounds is still busy getting out railroad ties for Wilson & Perkins.—Jasper Burch is hauling out ties for Morton.—A meeting was held at Spivey last Sunday with a good attendance.—The prospects for finding oil in this vicinity are fine.—Benny White has gone to the Territory.—S. S. Peters sold a span of mules for \$200.00.—Dave Chad is helping Dick Banks clear a tract of land where Mr. Banks expects to put in a crop in the spring.

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

ROCKFORD.

Walter Gadd has purchased the Cain property on Todd Branch, and has moved there.—Master Dan McCollum, of Boone, called on John Stephens last Saturday night.—E. Owen, of Berea, was here on business last week.—J. C. Gwin, of Scaffold Cane, was at H. C. Rowlett's on business Thursday.—Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Cook, Jr., went to Berea last week.—W. H. Stephens was at Wallacetown Friday on business.—Waddle & Martin have sold their sawmill to Joe Lambert.—Born to Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Payne on the 24th, a fine boy.—Milt McGuire, of Crooked Creek, called on friends here Sunday.—There was service at Macedonia Baptist church last Saturday and Sunday conducted by Rev. J. W. Lambert.

GARRARD COUNTY.

CARTERSVILLE.

Mr. John Lowder and wife have moved to Cartersville.—Mr. Dan Ledford, of Cartersville, is teaching a ten day's writing school at Wood's View.—Rev. Murrell filled Rev. Terrill's appointment here Sunday.—Mr. Moberly is very sick at this writing.—Sam Davis, son of John Davis, has the malarial fever.

MASON COUNTY.

MAYSVILLE.

Mr. Bert Gordon, of Chicago, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gordon.—Miss Julia Young was not able to discharge her duty as teacher of the grammar grade during the past week. Prof. Harris taught her pupils.—Rev. Talbott has returned from Wilberforce, O., where he was called on business. During his absence, Rev. O. A. Nelson preached for him.—Those who listened to Rev. Porter Sunday morning enjoyed an interesting sermon. The Bethel members may congratulate themselves on having Rev. Porter as their pastor as he is a very able man.—Mr. John Hancock has returned to Atlantic City, N. J.—Mrs. Polly Walker, who fell and broke her leg some time ago, is doing nicely.—Mr. John Hayes has returned home after having been gone for nearly a year. His wife and friends were glad to see him.—Mr. William Brooks and Mrs. Mary Young, of East Fourth street, married recently.

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS

"Father," said Betty, "please don't hurry home. It is not a bit late yet nor dark, and I want to see Flossy and Ilover coming up from the meadow. This is such a comfortable stile. Do lean on it."

Betty's father looked out across the meadow and the brook into the shining silver sky and then down at his little girl.

"It is a delightful stile, Betty, and very tempting, but somehow I have never liked looking over at the Red House since the widow came there."

"Father, I thought the Red House was empty?"

"Did you, dear? No. The widow lives there alone now. At least she has her children to comfort her, but they are very young, and she is sad, Betty."

"How many children has she, father?"

"Five, I think. I have an idea that one met with a violent death just after its poor father, but I have not asked her. I did not like to speak to her about it, although sometimes I have had the audacity to peer between the chinks of her curtain and see the little heads clustering round her."

Betty was making a slow calculation in her own mind.

"Five! That's like us, father. May we get to know the children? Even if they are very, very sad about their father, they might like to have us to tea."

"Yes, dear, but it must be the other way round. They must have tea with you, for they are very poor, and I don't think my hungry daughters would appreciate their tea. Their father worked hard and was very provident, and often and often I have watched him going home after nightfall laden with food for his wife and little ones. But now it is so different! The little widow works night and day and denies her self even the necessities of life. But it is a hard thing for her, Betty, to satisfy and tend and nurse her growing family."

Betty's blue eyes were soft and misty with tears.

"Oh, father, how terrible it sounds! Do let us help them, the poor widow and her little children. I will give them some of my breakfast every day and my tea. Poor, poor widow!"

"You must not imagine she is discontented because she is sad, Betty. She is a brave little soul, and I have heard her singing to her little ones when I am sure her heart was very heavy. I was glad to hear her, because it made me think that she was getting over her loss."

"How did her husband die, father?"

"He died a violent death."

Betty looked round fearfully and then grasped her father's hand.

"Murdered! Oh, father, how horrible! Surely it can't be true! Nurse would have told us. She always tells us horrors when she is doing our hair."

"All the same, it is true, Betty, although nurse may not have heard it. He was shot down on his way home as he was traveling slowly in the cool of the evening. The poor little wife was looking out for him, and she saw it all. The cruel gun, the unbusht enemy, the brave effort he made to get home, the struggle, the fall and then—the end! Betty, I shall never forget the pitiess of it—the cries of the desolate wife, the clamor of the children. I was over the stile—this stile—in a moment, and I carried him home and laid him out stiffly on the seat under the yew tree. I meant to bury him in the early morning, but when I came again he was gone."

"Father?" interrupted Betty. "You are making it up. I know you wouldn't talk to me like that about my real mother. Oh, father, is it really and truly true?"

"Yes; it is quite true."

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Betty, with flushed cheeks. "It is true in a way, but not as I mean. It is not a man at all; just an animal or a bird. Oh, I guess all the story now, is that that little brown wren that Cyril shot the first day of the holidays."

"Father?" interrupted Betty. "You are making it up. I know you wouldn't talk to me like that about my real mother. Oh, father, is it really and truly true?"

"And what was the good of saying anything, I should like to know, when Cyril was back in his own room, practicing with his air gun to see how many more murders he could commit with impunity?"

"He didn't mean it to be a murder, father. Tell me more about her."

"About the little brown wren?"

"But call her the widow, father. It sounds so much more sad!"

"Well, the widow was just what I told you, Betty: just as patient and brave and tender hearted, and if you care to chamber over the stile and climb to the first branch of the ash tree you can peer between the chinks of her curtain and watch heruddling babies and singing her song without words."

Cyril never thought of it like that, father," said Betty. "He just likes a target to shoot at. If I tell him the story of the wren, father, and call her the widow, as you do, I don't believe he will ever shoot at the birds again. Cyril has a very kind heart, really."

"Well, you can try, Betty," said her father.

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"Not pot at the wrens, Betty?" said Cyril when she told him. "Oh, of course not if father would rather I didn't. It does seem rather beastly if you look at it from the wren's point of view. And they do make horrid noise. But I must have a target of some kind, so you might fix me up a bottle over the gate. I assure you I would much rather have a bottle!"—G. R. Glasgow.

A STAR PERFORMER.

How Dorothy Played "Dolly's Lullaby" and Taught Tom a Lesson.

At the last minute the star pupil did not appear, and Miss Garland was in despair, for she had no one to take her place. The guests were all there, and it was already 8 o'clock, the time stated for the commencement of the musicale. Then she caught sight of a little face down among the guests. It belonged to Dorothy Maddern, her youngest pupil, sitting between her mother and father. A happy thought struck Miss Garland, and, although she had not intended to have the little girl play, she sent Tom McGinnis to get her. Tom was the boy who had been hired to serve the refreshments after the musicale. He made his way to Dorothy and said:

"Say, sissy, Miss Garland says you come and play that 'ere 'Dolly's Lullaby' or some such truck to help her out. I guess she thinks Miss Mary's gone up a spout."

Dorothy looked at the boy grimly.

"Little boy, that's slang, and you know I don't like slang!"

"Dead, sissy!"

"Don't interrupt. Papa, shall I play the 'Dolly's Lullaby'?"

"Yes, Dorothy, if you think you know it well enough."

"Oh, of course I do. Don't I, mamma? Yes, little boy. You may tell Miss Garland I will play. Papa, you may 'scort me to her. I might let the little boy if he didn't talk slang."

Tom giggled as he went away. He was nine years older than Dorothy, and it amused him very much to have her call him "little boy."

Dorothy took her father's hand and went behind the screen, where Miss Garland awaited her.

"You won't be frightened, will you, darling?" she asked the little girl.

"Bless not! Mamma has heard me play before, and I'm not a bit afraid!"

Miss Garland smiled.

"Well, do your best, that's all. I never can forgive Mary for going back on me this way."

"Maybe she has the toothache," said Dorothy.

"Well, maybe."

Miss Garland offered to sit beside Dorothy while she played, but the young lady declined. She walked boldly out on the platform, but when she saw the crowd of faces she exclaimed innocently.

"Why, you look lots more from here!"

The people laughed, and Dorothy made a quaint little bow and sat down at the piano. She played the little piece with ease, probably with more ease than an older and more nervous child would have done.

When the refreshments were served, Dorothy sat close to her mother, for now that it was all over she was a little bashful. And well she might be, for all these strange people whom she had never seen before came to get her, for a brimming full of good things to eat or to pick out the best bonbons for the little queen of the musicale, as Dorothy was. Tom selected the prettiest plate for Dorothy's ice cream, and when he took it to her he whispered:

"You was all right, sissy, and I'm sorry if I hurt your feelin's by talkin' slang!"—Jessie Wilcox in Brooklyn Eagle.

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How Cranston Saved His Brother.

A ten-year-old boy at Arvada, Colo., recently displayed an act of heroism and devotion to his brother that entitles him to almost any honor that may be paid him.

Two little sons of Rev. J. H. Rader, aged ten and five, were walking up the track of the electric road and were crossing a cattle guard when the little fellow caught a foot between the bars. Every one knows how the cars are speeded over the Arvada line, like a railroad express at times. Soon the boys heard a car coming at the rate of perhaps fifty miles an hour.

The foot was wedged so fast that their combined strength was not enough to release it, although they struggled and strained. Then the eldest boy,

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